

CHAPTER 140

September 9, 2011

“Whoa...! So this is a club!”

It was getting late on the second day of the class trip, and that meant only one thing. It was time to party and break shit and do other irresponsible things teenagers did when they had freetime. Rise had managed to find some club located in the mall they had wasted their time around all day instead of going on that factory trip. Because apparently not a single person noticed none of them had shown up. Save maybe Naoto, since Justin and her were roommates, but she didn't try to stop him. Arguing with him was just anti-productive. She'd just report his misconduct to the proper school authority when she found the time.

Justin himself was having a ball today. Shopping seemed so much more fun in a huge group, especially when you were shopping for music. It was great just rubbing your taste in music into everyone's face, and vice-versa. And then there was Justin trying to buy vinyls every twelve seconds despite not owning a record player. He still walked out with a bunch of CDs, most of them pretty cheap. Like \$5 cheap. Apparently the Eagles of Death Metal didn't sell too well. So Justin fixed that and bought ALL of them. He also bought a couple of other things, one of which was cleverly hidden in his back pocket at the moment, but that was a secret for now. For the moment Justin was just enjoying the 90's techno booming from the speakers and the flashing light. He hadn't heard 'Blue' in so long, and goddamn, that was a problem. This song was incredible. Too bad white people couldn't dance and he just looked like an ass as he walked in the door bobbing his head up and down. Save it for 'What is Love?'

“Whoo! I'm totally ready for this!” Chie shouted with excitement, pumped by the booming music and the strobe lighting. Justin really couldn't resist strobe lights... No really; he wasn't sure why, but he literally lost all control when he was exposed to strobe lights for too long. They fucked with his brain or something. Made him feel like he was a dream, and when that happened, well... No consequences in dreams, now were there?

“There's nothing like this back home...” Yukiko mused out loud with amazement. They really should have a club like this in Inaba. This was beautiful in so many ways; and they hadn't even started dancing or anything. In fact, they were about to walk out to the dance floor at that moment when they were all cut off by an all too familiar voice. Figures they couldn't even have fun at a club without Naoto being a killjoy. Justin could put up with this shit when he went back to his room thank you very much. He wasn't even going to pay Naoto the time of day.

"Is it permitted for high school students such as yourselves to be here?" She questioned the group as they passed by a staircase. Seemed she was making her way down the stairs, ready to depart, when she ran across the group of students that had been oddly missing during the factory tours today. Must have gotten over whatever cold they caught awfully quickly... Yosuke jumped a bit, startled by Naoto's sudden appearance... and pissed off by the sudden interrogation. Wasn't that kind of hypocritical?

"Wh-What!? Dude, look who's talking! You were here before we were!" Yosuke shouted. He was going to make a comment about how he didn't even know Naoto was here, but then he remembered over hearing Justin bitching about his shitty rooming conditions to Chie. Yosuke almost felt bad having to stay in a room with a killjoy like that. He doubted Justin was even allowed to watch television; that's how much of a hardass Naoto was. Naoto shook her head, adjusting her head a bit.

"The clientele here seems above-board, so I don't expect there'll be any problems." Naoto remarked, taking a few more steps as she prepared to depart from their company. She still had some stuff she needed to write in her journal; and she'd rather not do that with someone like Justin around. He would no doubt try to burn it or something. Those were important notes that were contained within the journal's confines.

"Huh? You're leaving?" Chie questioned, stopping Naoto dead in her tracks as she tried to leave their company. Justin would have tried to stop her from getting Naoto to stay if he wasn't so absorbed in the music, tapping his foot and bopping his head up and down in time to beat. No one would have ever expected a classic rock nut like Justin to be into techno. Even if this was really more pop than anything. *I'm blue, da ba de da ba die.*

"Why don't you join us?"

"Are you... asking me to stay?" Naoto turned around startled by the question. She didn't have that offer extended to her very often, especially from possible murder suspects. Still, it was a pleasant surprise, and minus the part where Justin was part of their ranks, seemed like a pretty good deal to her. She blushed slightly, embarrassed to be caught in such an embarrassing position, being asked to join the ranks of delinquents. And actually considering taking them up on their offer.

"Uh-huh. We didn't get to chat last time." Yukiko remarked with a warm smile. Naoto's eyes darted towards the floor below her with slight shame. She recalled having to blow them off on this offer last time due to business she had at the moment. She adjusted her hat, eyes still focused away from the people in her presence, cheeks a little red.

"Ah... I... I-It's just that I had some matters to attend to that day." Naoto hesitatingly tried to explain herself, keeping it as vague as possible. Didn't need to

involve these teenagers into any of her own affairs. Especially when everyone was a suspect at the moment. Even people she didn't know. She had no clues or anything.

"Well, you're free now, right? I was really eager to talk to you. I'm curious how someone my age is working as a detective." Rise remarked with curiosity. Naoto sighed before raising her eyes to make eye contact again. She got asked that question a lot, and it was always just as annoying to be asked that as the time prior she had been asked.

"Hmmm... Very well, if you insist." Naoto eventually gave into the requests of the investigation team, not counting Justin of course, who had just about enough of her on this trip. He was too intoxicated by the atmosphere right now though. The strobe lights were getting to him already. But that's alright, because it seemed so was Yu, given the two were both doing this awkward shuffle in time to the beats of the song. Which was now 'Numa Numa,' for the record. Whoever was the DJ here, Justin wanted to give him all of his money. This was just the best thing. Still, Justin was a little on guard. He was just waiting for 'Gangnam Style' or 'Moves Like Jagger' to ruin everything. Though he supposed it was alright to ironically like the latter. Come on, it was so bad it was good. Don't deny it.

"Wait here. I'll go reserve the area upstairs for us." Rise announced, to the members of the group that were actually paying attention. Read: Anyone that wasn't Justin or Yu. And who said you couldn't dance with another guy and still have fun? Yosuke nodded his head a bit. Or at least it really sunk on what Rise had just said she was going to do.

"Okay... Wait, what!? Reserve!?"

"Yep. Don't worry, I think I can pull some strings." Rise declared before quickly turning around and searching for the manager. She had performed her a long time ago, so no doubt the manager would be alright with lending Rise a private room for a night. It was the least he could do for a celebrity attracting business. Especially after what had happened last year. And with that, everyone was left just patiently awaiting the return of Rise with news of whether she could get the room or not. Might as well dance right. Save maybe Kanji who was complaining about stomach pains for some inexplicable reason.

"I fucking love this club!" Justin shouted as the music continued to pound. No one had really joined them dancing, though that was alright, because too many people making an ass out of themselves really took away the novelty of looking like a fool. Justin opened his eyes a bit as an idea suddenly struck him. Well, not JUST struck him; more like he had just remembered it. He knew they were coming to a club, and he had a dastardly idea. "Oh, hold on one sec; I'm gonna go put in a request." Justin remarked stopping his awkward shuffle for a moment, and by extension stopping Yu's. No one wants to look like an ass by themselves after all. Yu nodded a bit before Justin ran off in search of the DJ.

It was a moment before Justin actually found where the guy was. Thankfully he was using a computer, which meant using the song he wanted wouldn't really be a problem. No one could hear Justin because he was too far away, but they could see him whispering to the DJ and pointing at the group for a moment. That wasn't really a good sign. The DJ looked as though he was laughing before giving Justin a thumbs up and sending him on his way. He was laughing hysterically as he eventually rejoined the group. Everyone gave him a couple of funny glances, not really sure what he was up to. Naoto just wanted to know if what ever got up his ass had finally crawled it's way out, what with Justin not being a self-righteous asshole right now.

"What'd you request?" Yu questioned, curious what it could be. It was probably hardcore death metal or something. Which wouldn't be a bad idea, if only for shits and giggles, but no. No he had an actual song that people could actually dance too. In fact, he was counting on the latter. Justin smirked bit, tilting his head in a very suspicious manner. It was clear he was up to something.

"And three... two... one." Justin counted down the end to Numa Numa, fading out into the background, and the fading into his requested song. Everyone immediately recognized that guitar riff as it started to ring through the club. It was that song. They didn't know the name of it, but they knew they heard it before. It was Smooth, by Santana; Justin laughed a bit as he slipped his hand into his back pocket, reaching for the purchase had made earlier, anticipating their night at the club: A small rose that he had been hiding using his shirt, which he quickly gripped inbetween his teeth before extending his hand towards Chie. Her face could not have turned redder any quicker. Almost as red as the rose in Justin's mouth infact. She wasn't sure if this was the most romantic thing she had ever seen or the stupidest. Joke's on her though, love was always stupid.

"Wha- me!?" Chie stuttered, caught off guard by Justin's invitation to dance. For starters, she didn't know how to dance, so this was just going to be awkward. People would be staring at them; and that was just a no no for Chie. Justin nodded a bit before grabbing her by the wrist, knowing all too well she wouldn't go out there any other way. Her face only seemed to get redder as she got dragged out to the dance floor, ending with Justin holding her hand with one hand, gripping her by the hip with the other. He didn't know how to dance like this but it was worth a shot. "B- But I don't know how to dance!" Chie begged with him to let her go. Justin just shook his head before spitting the rose off to the side, knowing he couldn't talk with that in his mouth, and not wanting to let go of his hold on Chie.

"Good, cause neither do I."

Man it's a hot one

Like seven inches from the midday sun

I hear you whisper and the words melt everyone

But you stay so cool

Justin slowly started to step in beat, his left foot forward, and Chie's right foot backwards so that their legs crossed over. Then, Chie mirrored Justin's steps, stepping forward with her left foot while he stepped back on his right. And they repeated this, circling ever so slightly with each step. Her face was beat red as Justin lead the dance. He said he couldn't dance, but she sincerely doubted it with the way he was moving. She just hoped no one was watching. She was half right. At some point Yu and Yukiko had decided to follow their lead. Though Yu was the embarrassed one in that case. And Yosuke, Kanji, and Naoto were stuck just watching, some disgusted, some just curious.

My munequita

My Spanish Harlem Mona Lisa

You're my reason for reason

The step in my groove

And if you say this life ain't good enough

I would give my world to lift you up

I could change my life to better suit your mood

Cause you're so smooth

Soon Justin found himself flinging his arm out, Chie and Justin's body separating as the pushed each other away then dragged each other closer in a swing-esque dance maneuver. Justin let go of one of her hands for a moment to spin her around with the other. At this point Chie was having a hard time keeping out... But in a way that was the beauty of all this, that raw sense of chaos, just going with the flow. Perhaps it was just that she trusted Justin not to slam her into a wall with these fancy dance moves. Plus, it was kind of nice that they were chest to chest by the time he pulled her back.

And just like the ocean under the moon

Well that's the same emotion that I get from you

You got the kind of lovin that can be so smooth

Gimme your heart, make it real

Or else forget about it

As the chorus finished, the two were close together again, stepping side to side this time instead of crossing legs, mixing up blues and swing step patterns. Which was

bad in that Chie could see the others watching at this point (but also Yu and Yukiko going at it, which was kind of cute.) She was having fun, but god this was embarrassing. Why couldn't those three dance too and make this less awkward for everyone. Hell, those four were the only ones dancing in pairs like this now that she noticed. She was going to have to smack Justin when all was said and done. Or maybe just kiss him. She had never been so mortified and frightened, yet felt her heart pattering so quickly in all of her life.

I'll tell you one thing

If you would leave it would be a crying shame

In every breath and every word

I hear your name calling me out

Out from the barrio, you hear my rhythm from your radio

You feel the turning of the world so soft and slow

Turning you round and round

And if you say this life ain't good enough

I would give my world to lift you up

I could change my life to better suit your mood

Cause you're so smooth

The song went on much like that for a while, Justin and Chie twisting back and forth in an elaborate series of spins and steps that she was having a hard time really keeping up with. Though it seemed Justin was very good at leading in that regard. She didn't seem to HAVE to know how to dance to really understand what she was supposed to be doing. Though maybe that was partially because Justin would occasionally whisper in her ear what to do, ever so softly. The hot air coming from his mouth only heated her skin up more, flustered by just how... Well... Wonderful it felt. The song eventually died out though, and so too did the duos' dances. There were a couple of claps as the techno kicked back in and everyone went back to being an ass.

"And you said you couldn't dance." Justin playfully jabbed at Chie. She blushed a bit. Partially because he still hadn't let go of his grip on her hips. She smiled warmly up into his eyes before planting a gentle peck on his cheek, and he hers. Yosuke looked like he wanted to vomit by the time they came back. He got enough of that shit from the room upstairs at the motel. A full fucking hour. What were the chances that he got the one guy in the world that could last that long?

"Are you sure this is all right? Isn't it expensive...?"

Rise had returned not too long after Chie and Justin's dance with the good news that she had managed to reserve the entire upstairs section of the club. And get them free drinks. This was the best night ever; FACT. Justin downed his glass in a matter of seconds; after all, dancing like that fuelled quite the thirst. He shook his head, flipping his hair about as he slammed the glass back down like he had downed a shot. A statement that held more truth to it than he had thought at the time. Rise shook her head, quickly dismissing Chie's concerns.

"No worries. Two years ago when I had a secret show here, the power went out in the middle of it, and the gig was cancelled. They still owe me from then, so they're willing to put this one on the house." Rise remarked with a devilish grin, her face bright red for some inexplicable reason. It wasn't even just the cheeks. Her entire face was just red for some reason. Plus she had this funny look in her eyes. Chie grinned a bit at the thought of this all being on the house. Free drinks were always nice. Except when they had roofies in them. That wasn't so nice.

"Well in that case, I'm gonna order more."

"Whooooo! I'm not gonna hold back either!" Teddie shouted, slurring his words slightly. Again, inexplicably. Justin raised his eyebrow with curiosity. The shouting wasn't what was getting to him; he wouldn't mind doing that either. It was the WAY he said it that caught him a little of guard. That tone of voice sounded so peculiar.

"Dude... You sound even weirder today..." Kanji seemed to pick up on that too. Teddie leaned in real close to Kanji, wrapping his arm around Kanji's neck as he pointed at him with the hand holding his glass. Okay yeah, something was definitely up. Kanji's face lit up like a Christmas tree eyes wide with panic as Teddie tried to lay the moves on him

"Awww, you're sho cold, Kanji... Hm... Kanji? Kanji, Kanji... I Kanj-ecture that shomething's up! Heeheehee, that's a great one!" Teddie joked, substituting Kanji's name into a random word. Yukiko was laughing hysterically, though everyone else was just staring at Teddie like he was nuts. Save maybe Justin who thought that was ingenious.

"Oh are we doing name puns now? Justin time!" Justin chuckled a bit to himself. It was groan worthy, but then, it seemed everyone had reached a point where groan-worthy was actually funny, if you catch my drift. I mean they had shit taste in humor; come on. Not everything is an innuendo, sexual or otherwise, you know.

"I hope Yu realize that was awful." Yu remarked, downing another one of his beverages, holding the glass the way a spy would in a James Bond movie. He was laying the swag on extra thick here tonight.

"I think we all just need to Chie-II out." Chie interrupted, waving her hands back and forth as though to try to get everyone to stop. Of course, when she had inserted her own name into a pun similar to the others, it was clear she was having just as much fun with this as they were. Justin pointed at her and raised his eyebrows, as though to tell her that was a good one. He didn't even think he could have worked with Chie's name, it didn't really fit into any words unless you forced it.

"She's right we should stop. Naoto just get a refill on these drinks." Yu remarked, seeing an opportunity for a pun, but knowing full well Naoto had no intention of joining these shenanigans. In fact, she rubbed at her forehead with annoyance once her name had been brought into this.

"Can we please stop with the puns? They're really Teddie-ous." Kanji remarked dully, though his eyes widened once he realized he accidentally let out a pun. He meant to say tedious, dammit. These name puns were infectious. Yosuke opened his mouth as though to say something, though he didn't have anything to say.

"...I got nothin'." He eventually sighed with defeat. Yosuke just couldn't be used in a pun; nether could Hanamura. Justin slammed his glass down on the table in front of him throwing his hands up with annoyance, as though he were pissed Yosuke wasn't clever enough to force his name into anything.

"Dammit Yosuke! Now we have to Risetete this entire joke chain." Justin shouted with annoyance, crossing his arms and shaking his head. Yosuke sighed and shook his head. All of this was just so painful to listen to. Though mostly because he couldn't think of anything to top the puns that had already been put out there. Kanji's eyes darted around the room at all the smiling faces giggling at the shitty name puns. This would have normally warranted a bunch of groans, not laughs. What was going on?

"Wow... Everyone's looser than usual." Kanji mused aloud. For some reason, that comment struck Yosuke like a bowling ball struck bowling pins. His eyes quickly darted to his own glass, a worried expression on his face as he slowly started to put two and two together.

"Hey, wait a sec! Are these liquor...!?" Yosuke shouted. Everyone suddenly stopped laughing for a moment as the thought struck them. Now that they thought about it, it did seem kind of hot in here. Plus, everyone WAS a little looser than usual. And that was saying something about some of the people here. Justin rubbed at his chin a bit as he eyed his glass. He hadn't tasted any alcohol; it probably was clean.

"I-I told 'em to give us soft drinks! They're non alcoholic! ...I told them. Really, I did! Really!" Rise shouted at the others, trying to nervously defend herself in a drunken stupor. Justin bit his bottom lip. He didn't taste any alcohol, but... But Rise was very clearly drunk. No ifs ands or buts about it; and she had only had a couple of glasses. Yukiko and Teddie seemed out of it too. Eyes slowly widened around the table, save

Naoto's as they quickly deposited their glasses on the table. Except maybe Yu as well, who just took that as a chance to take another drink. How many drinks did Rise order anyway?

"Aw, sheesh... I was wondering why it's so hot..." Chie remarked, frantically pushing the glass away then tugging at her collar. Justin could agree with that; it really did feel like it was getting hotter in here. Though, like he said, he didn't taste alcohol; it must have just naturally gotten hotter in here. Justin rubbed at his chin... Was it possible that... Some of the drinks were spiked and others were not? Like Russian Roulette with alcohol?

"...My drink was fine, but what if-"

"King's Gaaaaaaame!" Rise shouted very loudly cutting Justin off, piercing his ear drums. Seemed he wasn't getting that thought out any times soon. And what the fuck was King's Game? "Times like this, adults play the King's Game. It's the law... What's their problem...? They make me act like a ditz, call me Risetete and stuff, and then say I'm a kid... It's so obvious... Those wrap parties get a lot funner after I go home! Morooons! I'm gonna play the King's Game now and ain't no one gonna stop me!" Justin suddenly felt a bad gut feeling in his... well... gut. There was probably a reason they were doing it when the kids were gone.

"Yet another side of Rise exposed... I wonder if she knows what she's saying..." Yosuke mused to himself. Justin shook his head. She most definitely did not. Justin knew drunk; after all, that's what his father was 99% of the time while he was still alive. This... this was about as drunk as you could get. Rise apparently could not hold her booze well. Same might be said of Yukiko. Teddie... Justin didn't think Teddie was really drunk. It was hard to explain, but it looked like he was just pretending. His face wasn't red like it was supposed to get when you were drunk. Oh no, he wasn't intoxicated, he just believed he was.

"Kanji!!! Get the chopsticks ready!" Rise shouted, trying to imitate royalty in her drunken voice. It was quite awful if Justin may say so himself. As a profession Brit, he would have you know that their Queen did NOT sound anything like that. Not that he really did know what the Queen sounded like, but it sure as hell wasn't that. He'd like to think the Queen sounded like Freddie Mercury, but that was just wishful thinking.

"Wha--!? Why me...?" Kanji nervously objected.

"The King's word is law! Chop-chop!"

"I-It's already started!?" Yosuke questioned. Not that he really got what this King's game business was, but he was going to assume that this had something to do with it. And he didn't like the sounds of this one bit. What was this, truth or dare, but only with the dare part or something? Chie scratched at her head a bit as she tried

to recall anything about King's Game. Alas, she had never heard of it, as much as she swore she had heard that before somewhere.

"U-Um... What's this King's Game again?" Chie questioned on behalf of everyone that wasn't drunk. Which was slowly starting to lower in numbers apparently. Yukiko giggled a bit for no real reason before pointing at Chie... And damn near falling over in the process. She clearly had no balance at the moment.

"Okay... one chopstick makes you the King if you draw it, and the others have numbers on 'em... The King picks a number and says what that person has to do. But who has which number is a secret until the King gives the orders!" Yukiko recapped the rules of the game for everyone there. That put a lot of questions to rest, though that did leave one HUGE question.

"Y-Yukiko!? Where'd you learn this stuff!?" Chie stuttered a bit, slightly fearful of what kind of private life Yukiko might have had when Chie wasn't around. This didn't sound like the first time Yukiko had done this, unfortunately. Kanji had taken off a moment earlier in search of some chopsticks, and had finally returned, dropping them on the table. And Rise had markers on her... Again, why? Justin had no idea. She was just carrying markers around I guess.

"C'mon, everyone draw!" Rise ordered as she finished marking up the chopsticks. Her handwriting was atrocious when she was drunk, by the way, but Justin supposed it was readable at the very least. That was good...? Everyone sighed before hesitatingly sticking their hand out towards the pile of chopsticks in the middle of the table, surrounded by glasses, empty and full alike. Justin held his breath as he grabbed a hold of a chopstick. Number two. Alright, he wasn't king... That meant he wasn't safe. God save the Queen... "Okay, sooooo... Who's the King?"

"Teddie's is red! Red! Is Teddie the King!?" Teddie shouted jumping up and down on the couch he had been sitting on, eyes wide as he held the chopsticks skyward like a sword. Every single person that was sober in that room, minus Naoto, slammed their face into their hands with grief and fear. This would not end well. Knowing Teddie, he was going to use this as an opportunity to try and 'score.' And if he got Yukiko or Rise, he damn well might.

"Ugh, we're already doomed from the get-go..." Yosuke groaned, fearful of whatever sick thoughts resided in the back of Teddie's skull.

"I, the King, command thee to smooch the King without delay! Smoooooooooch!" Teddie commanded as he stood tall and mighty, a very determined expression on his face. He was dead serious about smooching. And that had actually scared the living shit out of Chie. After all, the odds of her getting picked weren't exactly small.

"S-S-S-Smooch!?"

"Don't worry my Queen. I shall be your White Knight in shining armor." Justin remarked, donning his british accent once more, holding his arm against his chest in a pledge position. He was dead serious about this too. Game or not, he WOULD kill Teddie if he tried anything. "I shall put my life on the line to protect you." Chie's face turned bright red again. Really, the whole chivalry thing was great and all, it was one of the few things she loved about Justin more than anything else, but did he have to be so vocal about it at times?

"Please God... Grant me a girl! Number 3!" Teddie shouted, clenching his eyes shut in fearful anticipation. Within seconds you could hear Kanji scream out in horror. No one was sure whether they should feel relieved or feel bad for Kanji. Better him than them, they supposed. No one wanted to kiss Teddie. No one. "I meant Number 2...!" Teddie tried to correct himself.

"Do it and I will shank you." Justin remarked very bluntly. That got a rather aggressive, suspicious glare from Naoto. Note to self, do not mention murder around the law abiding, dick riding, fun police. Teddie sighed, realizing just what he had to do, Yukiko and Rise demanding the smooch he had promised but a moment earlier.

"K-Kanji... So you were after my fuzzy fur! Okay, but it's my first time! Be gentle...!" Teddie remarked in a low, husky, sensual tone. Kanji's eyes widened, and for a moment it looked like he was going to run. But alas, Teddie had tackled him before he even got a chance to move. Justin would hardly call the horrors he witnessed a smooch. Looked more like Teddie was trying to bite Kanji's face off. Kanji screamed out for help, but no one lifted a finger. After all, if they did, they might be next. Sacrifices needed to be made.

"Ohooo... Only the first round, and two contestants have dropped out already." Rise remarked.

"Huh? Is it that kind of game?" Chie questioned. Justin hoped to god it was; it only meant that if he got to be King, he could do his dare, then get the fuck out of there. It was the only way to be safe in this game. Or was it? Apparently even the King wasn't safe from the poetic justice this game dealt out. Everyone held their breath as Rise regathered the sticks and drew them back into the center for everyone to grab. Justin was almost afraid to see what he had managed to get. Not king, unfortunately. That was an honor reserved for Yu, who had put on his glasses, tossed his chopsticks up in the air, unbuttoned his shirt, and caught the stick on the way back down.

Basically, they were fucked.

"King me." Yu remarked, adjusting his glasses as he stood there, pure swag radiating from his exposed chest. By this point Naoto had covered her face with her hat, refusing to watch anymore. This was just ridiculous by this point. She had no

idea she was getting involved with imbeciles. She probably should have all things considered.

"Phew, someone decent... No crazy orders this time..." Chie begged him, hoping to dear god that this would be the end of a tyrant's reign. Oh if she only knew; deep down Yu only had the most sinister of intents. And that was the intent of shining his swag down upon all he touched. Yukiko just started laughing hysterically at Chie though, amused by her pitiful attempts at trying to be reasonable.

"That's not how it goes! If the last King demanded a smooch, then the next order's gotta be more extreme. Chiiieee, don't be such a party pooper... Ahahahaha!" Yukiko continued to mock her. Chie hid her face with fear, not liking where this was about to go. It probably didn't help that Rise and Yukiko were giving him horrible horrible ideas.

"Heyyy! The person who gets picked should have to rest their head on the King's lap."

"Nah, make 'em sit on his lap."

"Oh! Or they could have to hug him!"

"Better than that... A piggyback ride!" See what I mean? Horrible, horrible ideas. Justin feared for his soul in all honesty. Though he supposed all of those were better than a smooch. Justin could sit on Yu's lap for a couple of seconds if that was the alternative. That didn't sound so bad by comparison. And a piggyback actually sounded like hell of a lot of fun. Yu stood up from his seat, adjusting his glasses before turning his attention dramatically from where he stood, a dart in his hand. Where did he get the dart? Who knew; all they knew was he had a dart, and there was a dartboard on the opposite side of the room.

"Number two." Yu remarked before throwing the dart half way across the room, right over Justin's head. Maybe it was just the fact that he had almost been impaled by a dart, but Justin could have sworn the dart was moving in slow motion as it slowly approached its target. Apparently Yu had amazing aim, because the dart hit RIGHT on target. Everyone just stared with amazement as his prediction came true and he adjusted his glasses, before slowly turning about to face the rest of the group. "Sit on my lap." He remarked in a... slightly husky tone. Did I ever mention how much swag Yu had? Because god damn, he was practically sweating swag by this point. Justin was only expecting shit to catch on fire as he walked by, blowing up because the swag was just too hot for them.

Eyes darted about the room, searching for the lucky (citation needed) girl who would have the pleasure of sitting on Yu's lap. If lady luck decided to rear her gorgeous head right about now, hopefully it would be Yukiko. Nope, Justin slowly lowered his eyes to look at his own chopstick. Two. Again. He groaned a bit before

tossing his chopsticks to the ground, a combination of anger and courage surging through his veins. If he was going to do this, he was gonna go all out. "Oh dear god." Chie groaned as Justin stood up, glaring at Yu. Yu... didn't even seem fazed. He didn't care who sat on his lap at this point, so long as someone did and someone did right now.

"Ladies, please take note. This is how it's done." Justin remarked sarcastically before turning about and sitting on Yu's lap. His eyes widened almost immediately as he sat down, cheeks growing red. So this was how he was going to lose his virginity. Apparently swag also gave someone a huge fucking erection. This was going to scar him for life. Yu just adjusted his glasses though, perhaps not noticing that Justin was rubbing up to his dick right now, perhaps just not caring. Justin slowly turned his eyes away from the disgusted glances he was getting, the hysterical laughing of Yukiko and Rise, to look Yu dead in the eyes, his jaw hanging slightly ajar. "...Seriously?"

"The King's law is absolute." Yu remarked bluntly. *Yeah okay, that's great Yu, but the King's law doesn't stipulate that the King can rub his dick up against my fucking ass. Get rida' that shit before I rip it off and stomp on it.* Justin sighed a bit, face still red as he shook his head. It was a moment before Yu finally dismissed him, at which point he couldn't have jumped off any quicker in search of his seat, a shiver down his spine as he placed himself next to Chie again. She passed him a concerned look, feeling absolutely horrible for Justin; for what he had to go through. Also for the fact that this game was getting really gay, really fast. Which is cool, I guess; except no one there was fucking gay. Yu might have had Justin fooled for a second there. And would he please button his shirt back up instead of just sitting there like that, his legs open, arm wrapped around the back of the sofa.

"Ahahaha, me next! Me! I'm the King! Actually, the Queen!" Yukiko suddenly shouted outloud, oblivious to all that was going on around her. Did she not just notice her boyfriend potentially trying to rape Justin just a moment ago? And even then, there was the fact that Yukiko didn't even draw a chopstick. In fact, everyone still had their old ones from a moment ago. They weren't even set up for the next round. This was even worse than that time they had all played cards and Yosuke kept forgetting the rules every twelve seconds... Okay, maybe not that bad. But still pretty awful.

"You didn't even draw a chopstick!" Yosuke shouted with aggravation. This whole game was just a clusterfuck; in more ways than one. Would it be so much to ask that they just not do this? Just go back down to the club and dance to more 90's techno. Please; that's all he was asking. Of course, Yukiko didn't care. She was too far gone at this point to think rationally. Or think at all for that matter. Justin began to eye the drink in front of him again. He had been think about this prior to their game beginning. Something was definitely up, but he honest to god didn't taste any alcohol in his drink...

"Alright, then... Let's have someone talk about something really embarrassing that they'd never wanna tell anyone! Hrmmm, let's see... Ah! Naoto-kun! I choose you!" Yukiko continued, completely ignoring the rules. Naoto just raise her eyebrow with intrigue, not necessarily off put by Yukiko breaking the rules to ask Naoto to tell them all something rather embarrassing. Not that she could think of anything embarrassing. Besides perhaps from having to bunk with Justin. That was an embarrassment to everyone involved with that arrangement.

"She's breaking all the rules... Just ignore her, Naoto." Yosuke advised her, very much annoyed at how quickly everything had degraded. Could they go on one trip without SOMEONE getting drunk. Just one. That wasn't so much to ask for, was it? Naoto shook her head though, as though to refuse Yosuke's perfectly reasonable advise. Seriously, that was probably the best option and she just played it off like it was nothing. Ace detective.

"No... No, that won't be necessary. One stipulation, though: If I do this, the rest of you must reveal "something" as well." Naoto remarked, her interest peaked as she realized she could use this to her advantage. She still had so many unanswered questions; now seemed as good a time as any to get them out on table. Justin groaned a bit, quickly downing the glass in front of him. If it was in fact alcoholic, he was going to need it.

"The body's under the floor boards." Justin sarcastically remarked, as he slammed the glass back down on the table. Naoto didn't pay him any mind though, as per usual. She practically had a clause in effect that anytime Justin addressed her, she should just drown him out. Seemed she wasn't getting much out of him anyway, other than him being an asshole. And as suspicious as that was, being an asshole wasn't against the law. It really should be, though. She eventually turned her attention away from the blonde trouble maker and back towards the rest of the much more sane-minded group. And that was saying something when Rise and Yukiko were drunk as fuck.

"No particularly embarrassing experiences come to mind... Would discussing my life be fair game? It's the rare situation like this that gives me call to speak of such things." Naoto remarked, completely missing the point of the game. This wasn't her own personal diary, which she clearly had one of at the motel mind you. This was so they could all mock her for being drunk enough to talk about that stuff. Except she didn't seem drunk. At least, not yet.

"Damn... Way to kill the mood..."

"The Shirogane family has been detectives for generations now. We lend our powers to the police from time to time." Naoto continued, all the while Justin was mouthing off so much shit to himself, it was a wonder he didn't just think it. Mostly stuff like 'who the fuck cares?' Seriously, it wasn't as big a deal as everyone was making it out to be. If anything, he despised that a tight-ass like Naoto was allowed

to walk around with a badge and a gun. She was the kind of person that shouldn't be allowed in any law-enforcement capacity. "In days gone by, when there were no crime scene investigators, consulting detectives were considered more valuable. Thus, my grandfather still has a strong connection with the police and looks after me, despite my youth and inexperience. But investigators nowadays are well versed in science and medicine, so I must further my studies."

"That sounds tough..." Yosuke remarked, pausing for a moment as though to expect Naoto continue with her story. Only she didn't seem to have anymore to the story, she simply leaned over and grabbed her drink, taking a sip. She was just as boring as Justin had always imagined. "...That's it? No punch line?" Naoto passed Yosuke a slightly shamed look, as though embarrassed that they were expecting more out of her. She thought that was pretty impressive without a 'punchline.'

"Ahm... I fear you may be looking to the wrong person for that." Naoto remarked. Yosuke just shook his head with a disappointed expression, muttering to himself how he just wanted to go home. Which I think was pretty much what all the sober people were thinking right now. Naoto took another sip of her glass before donning a much more serious expression, gently placing the glass back down on the table in front of her. "Well then, it's your turn now. A straight answer, please. What is your true involvement with the murder case?" And there she went showing her true colors again. Justin threw the glass in his hand over his shoulder, shattering it against the wall behind him as though to say 'fuck it, I'm done.' He should probably leave some money behind to pay for that. Couldn't be that expensive right.

"You know, you're so good at killing the mood that it's almost funny..."

"Killing the mood. Murder investigation. And who said Yosuke couldn't be funny." Justin chuckled abit at Yosuke's not at all intentional pun. Yosuke wasn't sure whether he should find this pleasantly surprising, or somewhat concerning. There had to be a catch. Besides; the pun was, as aforementioned, unintentional.

"You did."

"Oh right." Justin shrugged before leaning over to grab another drink, pressing the liquid up against his lips. He stopped dead in his tracks this time. Now he could taste alcohol. The drink in his hand was definitely spiked with something; though what Justin wasn't quite sure. So Rise and Yukiko weren't just being dumbfucks, they were actually hopped up on liquor. "Uh guys, we have a problem he-"

"Weeeeell, we go rescuing people who've been kidnapped by jumping into the TV! And theeen, we do stuff like, "Persona!" with our Personas and beat the crap outta Shadows..." Yukiko interrupted Justin as he went to warn everyone that the drinks had been spiked. No wonder everyone had been acting crazy. Though he did have to wonder why only some of the drinks seemed spike... Actually, now that he

thought about it, the drink he grabbed was closer to Chie than it was to him, which meant it was probably supposed to be hers... Oh, shit...

"Alright, two problems." Justin remarked, eyebrows dropping down as he shook his head. He just gave up with these people by this point. It wasn't even worth getting pissed off when someone said something stupid these days; because then he'd have to be angry all of the time. Not that he wasn't anyway, but you know how it is. Naoto sighed with annoyance and disappointment. There just went an hour of her life. She should have known they wouldn't spill the beans.

"Are you making fun of me?" Naoto questioned, annoyed that this had all just been a charade to seemingly mock her. Justin twisted his head to the side a bit slowly raising his shoulders and squinting his eyes as thought to say '...maybe?' Shouldn't have come as a surprise to her in all honesty, given that Justin was in their company.

"Ish true! Personaaaa!" Rise remarked, following up Yukiko's idiotic outburst with one of her own. She also stood up on the couch and thrust her arm into the sky, as though she wasn't getting enough attention drawn to her yet. That was immediately followed by her tipping over and damn near crashing into the table in front of her. She didn't break anything though, so no one seemed to care when she hit the floor. *Real nice guys.*

"Sheesh! Somebody put these two drunks to bed already!" Chie quickly remarked, trying to playoff Yukiko and Rise spilling the beans as them being drunk. Justin made a 'hng' sound as she made that remark, signifying she really shouldn't be talking right now. She sounded and looked like she had control over her mind and body at the moment though, so Justin wasn't sure how drunk she could possibly be. Maybe she was just better at handling her booze than the others. Chie passed him a slightly confused glance.

"...I see now that you had no intention of telling me the truth. But I'm curious... How did you become so inebriated? This isn't alcohol." Naoto remarked, a disapproving 'you're all idiots' look on her face as she pointed out how stupid they were. Justin made an even louder 'hng' sound this time. They all needed to stop acting like this wasn't alcohol, like, right now. Because it was, clear as day. It was just a matter of who spiked it, and why did it only seem to be certain drinks...?

"Good one Naoto!"

"No, I confirmed it when I first entered. No alcohol has been served here since a rash of drunk driving last year." Naoto shook her head, dismissing Yukiko's beliefs to the contrary. These were non-alcoholic; and anyone who believed otherwise was a complete and utter fool. Even though she was COMPLETELY wrong. Perhaps she just hadn't gotten one of the spiked drinks.

"Actually, uh..." Justin spoke up after a while. "...I uh, accidentally grabbed one of Chie's drinks a moment ago... I can taste the alcohol in it clear as day. These have been spiked." Justin remarked, shaking his head as he held up Chie's glass. Chie started freaking out immediately, and pretty much everyone else jumped back a bit in their seat. Minus maybe Naoto, who had simply slapped her forehead with annoyance.

"Are you a pack of imbeciles?" Naoto remarked with annoyance; perhaps overlooking the fact that Justin knew what alcohol tasted like. You'd think she would have picked up on that immediately and throw him in cuffs or something, but alas, no. She probably thought he tried some at a Bar Mitzvah or something. Everyone quickly turned their attention back down to their drinks, minus Yukiko and Teddie who were either drunk or thought they were drunk, and Rise, who was probably dead. *No guys, don't help her off the floor.*

"What!? You mean...!?" Chie gasped with shock and fear. Who the hell was trying to drug her? Justin nodded his head timidly, knowing she really didn't want that answer. She wanted him to just say 'hey, just kidding.' Not that they were all drinking down roofies and moonshine for the last hour. Yosuke's eyes darted quickly around before reaching out his hand to grab the beverage from where Rise had been sitting a moment earlier. Clearly Justin could tell what was going on, best if he handled this.

"Here; test this." Yosuke ordered as he handed off Rise's drink to Justin. Justin was more than happy to oblige, grabbing a hold of the glass and gulping a good chunk of it down. Yep; more alcohol. Still tasted awful for the record, which only served to piss Justin off as he realized he was going to have to do this with everyone's drinks. He lightly put the glass back on the table, nodding his head abit.

"Spiked."

It went on like that for a while with everyone passing drinks to Justin. Surprisingly enough, it seemed that even the people that had seemed sober a moment earlier were in possession of spiked drinks. The only ones who didn't have a spiked drink was Justin and... strangely enough, Teddie. Even Naoto had a spiked drink, though she refused to accept that as true when Justin pointed out. If anything, she was pissed that Justin had laid his lips upon her drink. She sure as hell didn't want it now. Justin was on the last glass at the moment; Yu's, taking a sip slowly, his body shaking a bit, his eyes drooping. In retrospect, it probably wasn't a good idea to let Justin chug down seven or so glass of whatever alcohol had been slipped into their drinks.

"Itsh.. itsh shpiked too." Justin remarked, a slight sigh and lisp on his breath. Everyone who was sober passed each other a look of concern, once again, minus Naoto, who looked like she was getting dangerously close to getting up and walking out. She was getting more than a little tired of everyone pretending to be drunks.

She figured these people were imbeciles, but this took it to a whole 'nother level. Justin eyed the rest of the drink in his hand for a moment, as everyone tried desperately to hold on to their wits end. It was at that very moment that drunk Justin said 'fuck it' and poured the rest of the liquid in his mouth. That earned more than a few shocked glances. "YOLO."

"Oh Christ; now he's drunk too."

"You kno... you know... have I ever told you green looksh good on ya. It doesh."

So yeah; Justin got really wasted, as did most of the others. The only ones really sober by this point were Naoto, Kanji, and Chie. Everyone else was drunk out of their fucking minds; even Yosuke, who had been sober a moment earlier. Apparently peer pressure had pushed him to downing a few drinks himself too. He was going to regret that in the morning. Chie was dragging Justin out of the club and out into the motel as the sober members tried to get the drunken members back to the motel. Again, minus Naoto he refused to believe they were telling the truth. Chie sighed a bit as Justin rambled on like a drunkard, tipping over every which way and that.

"Hey, HEY, lishten. Look over th-lishen. Look over there. They... They totally have a kar-" Justin paused for a moment for a small drunken chuckle. "They totally have a karaoke bar. We should... we should totally do some karaoke..." Chie passed him a disappointed look, shaking her head as she continued to drag him along with her and Kanji. Who would have thought KANJI would be the sober one. It wasn't unknown to the others that he had tried to get drunk before. They just managed to catch him before he got away with the deed. Maybe he was just reluctant to get drunk with the detective prince watching him. That must have been unnerving.

"Justin. You're drunk. You're not going to the Karaoke bar." Chie tried to talk him down from his crazy schemes again. She wasn't exactly mad at Justin this time, what with it being involuntary. At least... At first, but she supposed that he had gotten drunk before he started downing them intentionally. And if he HADN'T drunk all of those, the others wouldn't have a warning that they were drinking shit they shouldn't have been. His sacrifice would be remembered; but only if he stopped doing something stupid. Justin glared at her in a drunken stupor.

"No, no, you don't, you don't get it. We have to go to the karaoke bar because we're drunk. That'sh how karaoke worksh." Justin tried to change her mind. She just pissed him another disappointed tired look though. She wasn't in the mood for this. Justin's eyes passed across everyone else, most of them also in a drunken stupor. He paused for a moment before shaking his head at the others, as though passing them a signal. Yu in turn passed one back to him. "You're right Chie, I'm sho-NOW!" And within seconds he broke out of her grip and made a mad dash, the other

drunks following his lead. Save maybe Yosuke, who Kanji had managed to stop by tackling him. The others made a clean get-away though. How did it feel to be dooped by a bunch of drunks.

“Son of a-“ Chie began, anger and worry flowing through her blood cells as everyone ran off. The amount of trouble those people were going to get into. Naoto just pinched her forehead. She had enough of this; she was going home. She didn’t even say anything as she left Chie and Kanji’s company. “Wha- hey!” Chie called out to Naoto trying to stop her. They needed help dammit. Naoto just dismissed her by throwing her arms up in the air, as though to uncharacteristically say ‘FUCK ALL OF YOUR SHIT.’ And with that she left them there, passing glances back and forth. It was two of them versus four drunks. And Yosuke if he kept struggling.

“Crap, what do we do now senpai?” Kanji questioned, trying to restrain Yosuke as he stood up. He eventually stopped struggling, but not before kicking Kanji straight in the balls. Kanji was going to have to kick the shit out of him for that once he sobered up. That way he could feel it all. Chie pinched at her forehead as Kanji jumped up and down holding his crotch. This wasn’t going to be easy, was it?

“Look, we need to stop them before they do something really stupid.” Chie ordered. It took a moment before Kanji stopped hopping about in pain and nodded with agreement. Once he regained his composure, the two quickly rushed up the stairs of the mall in search of their runaway drunks... After paying an entrance fee. Seriously, they were drunk and still managed to find their wallet AND get away from Chie and Kanji? Impressive, if not for the fact they were crazy. The two paid for admission before rushing inside in search of their runaway drunkards. Well they found one of them anyway. Seemed Yukiko had taken a seat in the audience, laughing hysterically for some odd reason. Chie quickly rushed up to her, trying to find out what was going on. “There you are! Where are the others!?” She questioned frantically. Yukiko just laughed harder though.

“I don’t know- Chie you’re really funny when you’re scared.” Yukiko continued to laugh. Great, she was no help. At least they just needed to find the other three at the moment. You’d think Yu’d be the responsible one here, but alas, it seemed when he got drunk, he just became a human swag machine. Chie sighed as she looked about for any tell-tale signs of the others. It was starting to become increasingly obvious at this point where the others must have been. Backstage, waiting for the chance to go on stage and make an ass out of themselves. At least Yu and Rise could sing, she supposed, but that did nothing when they were all drunk. Unless they could grab a hold of their senses for a few minutes. Chie sighed a bit before sitting down at the table, her face in her palms as she realized they were much too late at this point. Unless they planned to cut the power, they had no chance of reaching the others. Kanji didn’t quite seem to get the implications at first, though he certainly did when he heard the announcer boom over the speakers.

"A round of applause for Ai Abukara, great job out there. And now a special surprise for everyone in the audience. It seems we have a celebrity with us today." The crowd started to cheer for a moment, though Kanji took that as his initiative to mimic Chie and shove his face into his palms.

"We fucked up didn't we?"

"Big time." Chie sighed, the sound of piano slowly fading in, the lights dimming to signify they were already on stage. She was prepared to jump up and grab someone should they decide to break anything for the record. Or if anyone caught on to their very apparent lisp. Basically, she was ready to jump up immediately.

"Ladies and gentlemen, Rissette!" The announcer's voice boomed as the light slowly flickered on to Rise's lone figure. Still no sign of Yu or Justin, but it was probably a good guess that they were on stage beside her somewhere. Regardless, the piano played for a moment more as Rise stood there, the occasional tinny echo of an electric guitar ringing out.

How can you see into my eyes like open doors?

Leading you down into my core where I've become so numb

Without a soul my spirit's sleeping somewhere cold

Until you find it there and lead it back home.

And just like that the lights flickered into full view revealing Justin and Yu, both with their own pairs of microphones, shouting in complete synchronization. The song seemed to have male backup singers after all; and who better to cover that section than Yu and Justin. Especially since it didn't take much singing prowess on Justin's behalf, and it didn't draw too much attention away from Rise. The crowd went nuts as Justin and Yu jumped up landing just in complete synchronization to the start of their verse, their voices synching up in perfect, violent harmony. Provided a nice contrast to Rise's nice... well... sweet voice.

(Wake me up)

Wake me up inside

(I can't wake up)

Wake me up inside

(Save me)

call my name and save me from the dark

(Wake me up)

Bid my blood to run

(I can't wake up)

Before I come undone

(Save me)

Save me from the nothing I've become

And as the guy's verses ended, the lights began to flicker again in a strobe pattern. Probably a bad thing since Justin was up there. But at least he was just taking the opportunity to use his microphone stand like an air guitar, flipping his hair back and forth in a needlessly dramatic fashion. It seemed to entertain the crowd anyway that this backup singer was just going bat shit insane up there. Yu was a little more composed, though he was giving the mist lustful look Chie had ever seen into the audience. He even licked his teeth at one point. Chie swore she heard someone's chair tip over. Good god, Yu was knocking em' dead with his swag now. That was legally a deadly weapon by this point.

Now that I know what I'm without

You can't just leave me

Breathe into me and make me real

Bring me to life

(Wake me up)

Wake me up inside

(I can't wake up)

Wake me up inside

(Save me)

Call my name and save me from the dark

(Wake me up)

Bid my blood to run

(I can't wake up)

before I come undone

(Save me)

Save me from the nothing I've become

The guitar took off for a brief moment, the lights fading out again to obscure all view of the others, leaving only Rise visible once again as she uttered a few more lyrics. Justin and Yu still weren't done mind you, but it seemed Justin's voice was... well... moving. And not in a good way. That might have been why he was whispering, who even knew. Regardless, it gave Chie a bad gut feeling. And she was probably right all things considered.

(Bring me to life)

I've been living a lie, there's nothing inside

(Bring me to life)

Frozen inside without your touch

Without your love, darling

Only you are the life among the dead

The sound paused for a moment, lights slowly seeming to dim even further. And for a moment everyone thought the song was over; despite pretty much EVERYONE having heard it before. Chie was only surprised no one was mad that Rise wasn't singing one of her own songs. Ah well, everyone had to do a cover once and a while; even if this hardly counted as a cover. Regardless, the song faded, before after a moment the guitar started to blast again, the lights flickering quickly in a strobe pattern before shining down on the Rise and a single table in the audience. A single table Justin was now standing on belting into the microphone and waving his arms about in a duet between him and Risetete. The people at the table seemed oddly happy enough to stare at his ass as he leaned over to do what he could have done on stage. Chie just slapped herself in the face. God have mercy on them all.

(All this time I can't believe I couldn't see

Kept in the dark but you were there in front of me)

I've been sleeping a thousand years it seems

Got to open my eyes to everything

(Without a thought, without a voice, without a soul

Don't let me die here)

There must be something more

Bring me to life

The lights flickered again as Justin hopped off the table walking through the audience back up to the stage as he kept up his part of the song, giving high fives to everyone as he passed by... And a peck on the lips in Chie's case. Okay. Now she was going to kill him.

"How's it feel dating a rockstar?" Kanji joked as Chie furtiously glared at Justin, the crowd cheering as the back-up singer laid the moves on a groupie MID-FUCKING-SHOW. For a guy who was pretty shit at singing, he sure as hell had a stage presence. And besides, everyone was at a karaoke bar; they weren't expecting good singing. They were expecting drunken shenanigans. And that's exactly what they got. Chie slowly turned her glare over to Kanji.

"How's it feel getting kicked in the balls?"

"I'll shut up now."

(Wake me up)

Wake me up inside

(I can't wake up)

Wake me up inside

(Save me)

Call my name and save me from the dark

(Wake me up)

Bid my blood to run

(I can't wake up)

before I come undone

(Save me)

Save me from the nothing I've become

Bring me to life

(I've been living a lie, there's nothing inside)

Bring me to life

Justin and Yu both threw their microphones down at the ground as the song ended, creating a loud boom sound that was actually kind of painful to listen to. But no one cared because it looked incredibly badass. Say what you want about the singing, those three knew how to put on a show when they wanted to. The lights faded out

with the sound of the piano, and with that, the group quickly hopped off the stage and out of the public's view. In this case, that meant hiding at Chie's table. They could barely hear each other over everyone applauding and the announcer talking about what an honor this all was. They could tell given that they had someone working the light booths for them.

"That... That wash great. I'd, I'd buy a CD of yoursh if you made one Rishe" Yukiko praised Rise, forgetting pretty much everything she knew about everything in her drunken rampage. Justin's feet up on the table as he took a seat next to Chie. Chie just glared at him profusely the whole time, rubbing her cheek. She wasn't sure whether to blame it on the booze, or whether to blame it on Justin, but all she knew was she was furious. He didn't get to do that while making a drunken ass out of himself. The club was one thing; at least he was being romantic. This... This was just... blegh.

"...You realize I'm kicking your ass right?"

"Chie, chie, chie... I'm drunk. I'm surprished I haven't gotten my ass kicked already."

"Where's... wheresh the bed..."

"That's a wall."

"Oh... Oh right."

Justin was having a very clearly hard time locating his room, often times confusing walls for some place to sleep. Thank god Chie was with him, otherwise, he very well might have fallen asleep in the hallway. Chie groaned a bit as she lead Justin to the door. She was having a hard time deciding if this night was a lot of fun, or a pain in the ass. Like, everything prior to them getting drunk was fun; everything after was hell on earth. Who would have thought Justin would be this hard to manage when he was intoxicated. She sighed a bit as she continued to the door, stopping for a moment so Justin could get his keycard out. He didn't though, so she eventually settled for digging it out of his jacket pocket herself. Hopefully he didn't lose it in a drunken fit. Even then, though, she supposed Naoto would just let them in if they knocked hard enough. Unless she looked outside and saw it was Justin, in which case, she would make sure the door was locked

"Hey Chie,Chie... Hey... Hey Chie..." Justin drunkenly and very annoyingly tried to catch her attention. "Have I... Have I ever told you I love you?" Justin continued, a wide grin on his face, arm hanging loosely by his side as he leaned up against the wall with the other. Chie sighed a bit. He had, but she knew he wasn't proposing an actual question. He was just very very drunk.

"You're drunk." Chie reminded him, trying to brush the question off. Justin shook his head and hand a bit, as though trying to seriously catch her attention. Was he trying to make her feel like shit? She really didn't need this coming from drunk Justin's mouth. If she wanted to hear this, she'd listen when he was sober and actually knew what he was saying.

"No, no, sheriously. Sherious- Chie, Sheriously. I loooooooooooooooooove you SHO much. I love the FUCK out of you." Justin hiccupped, poking her before damn near tipping over. Chie luckily managed to grab him on the way down to the floor, though the way she did it ended almost like a hug instead of just her catching him. Justin smirked at her, a strange look in his eyes, as though they were lost in something. Perhaps her own eyes. Chie just stared at him a slightly sorrowful expression on her face. Did he really mean that or was that just the liquor talking again?

"...I love you too." Chie remarked after a while, dragging Justin back up to a standing position. He never did let go of his grip on her though, keeping his arms wrapped around her as she tried to stand. God she was happy everyone was asleep by this point. She loved this guy with all her heart, but sometimes he made it really hard for her to be proud of that. She eventually found the keycard and gradually slipped it into the lock, gently pushing the door open to the best of her ability with Justin practically suffocating her.

"...thus, while certainly aggressive, and a rather peculiar individual, it is in my opinion that the suspect is not the culprit of the Hanged Man murder case. He is, however, still a complete imbecile." Naoto was talking aloud to herself as Chie opened the door. Chie couldn't help but wonder what the hell she was talking about; though it probably should have been obvious almost immediately. Justin HAD told her that Naoto tried to accuse him and Maya of murder after all. She was half-right.

"Excuse me, Naoto-kun?" Naoto jumped a bit with surprise, having not heard the door open. She quickly shut the journal she was writing in shut and throwing the pen across the table as though hiding something. Chie only raised an eyebrow though. "Could you give me a hand here? Justin's kind of a handful when he's drunk." Chie begged slightly. Justin raised his arm a bit, pointing at Naoto, a silly expression still on his face from before.

"Hey, Nao-Naoto. I want to ax you something. When, when you, when you change for PE, which locker room do you use?" Justin questioned. Despite just being a drunk's ramblings it was a fairly good question. Naoto rolled her eyes before marching over to give Chie a hand. She still didn't think Justin was drunk; he simply thought he was. It was the placebo effect at its finest; he was drunk because he believed he was drunk.

"Thanks Naoto."

"If he vomits in the bed, I'm sending him to your room."

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Music

Blue - Eifel 65

Dragostea din tei (Numa Numa) - O-Zone

Smooth - Santana

Bring Me to Life- Evanescence